THE TOTTERING HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS

Men, Women and Babies Whose Fate Depends Upon the Results of the Present Disturbances in Russia ---Origin of the Present Sovereigns---The Family by Its Intermarriages More German Than Russian---Scandals That Surround the Grand Dukes---The Czar's Children.

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS
HEIR TO THE THRONE.

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ALEXANDROVITCH.

GRAND-DUCHESS TATANIA

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ALEXANDROVITCH.

THE CZAR'S DAUGHTERS

THE CZAR AND CZARINA.

GRAND DUCHESS MARIE PAVLOVNA.

GRAND DUKE GEORGE MICHAELOVITCH.

It used to be a favorite pastime of the poet Pushkin to pour water into a glass of wine until so little wine remained that it hardly imparted the slightest taste or color to the goblet's contents. This was by way of showing how little Russian blood remained in the Romanoffs, who have since Peter the Great been the reigning family of Russia.

The Ruriks, when they were driven from power, were a pure blooded Russian line. But intermarriages with German wives have made the imperial family of to-day almost wholly German, by blood if not by sympathy.

It was with Michael Feodorovitch Romanoff, who was succeeded by Alexis, that the Romanoffs in 1613 began to rule Russia. Older Russian descendants of the Rurik families naturally looked upon them as usurpers. Prince Peter Dolgoruki did not hesitate so late as the time of the Czar Nicholas I. to make his opinion on that matter known.

The Emperor had summoned him from Paris, where he was acting as Secretary of the Russian Embassy, because of a letter he had written which did not please the Czar. The Prince sent word that he would send his photograph to St. Petersburg instead. With this offer he reminded his Majesty that his ancestors "were Grand Dukes of Moscow when the ancestors of the Czar Nicholas were not even Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp."

The Romanoffs are likely to have the distinction of being the last dynasty of absolute sovereigns that Russia will know. The ruling house that preceded them was saved from the necessity of having its wings clipped by the people, even if it did disappear from view two centuries and a half earlier with its powers and rights unabridged.

There had been no change in the estate of the present ruling family when the pictures shown here were taken. The last of the Romanoffs to rule absolutely were then in the full enjoyment of the despotism, which has so recently been wrested from them.

The children of the Czar now number five. The youngest of these young Romanoffs is Alexis Nicolaievitch, which means, of course, the son of Nicholas.

This young man, who is heir to the throne of all the Russias, is now little more than a year old. But he is already Hetman of all the Cossack troops in Russia, commander of a regiment of the Guard in Finland—if that honor still remains to him it is rather an empty one now—and he occupies the same post in three or four other regiments scattered over the vast domains of his father from St. Petersburg to eastern Siberia.

It was at his birth that the Nihilists declared the Czarina had given to the Czar another daughter and imposed on the people the child of a peasant. A revolt of some kind might have followed the birth of another daughter to the Czarina, and the Nihilists urged that it was to prevent such a disaster that the child was taken from a peasant who had been smuggled into the palace. The story never gained credence and the devotion of the Russian people to the little heir has never faltered on account of it.

It was thought before his birth that the little Grand Duchess Olga, who is now ten years old, might be declared the Czar's heir in case no son was born. The tiny princess as a child showed unusual spirit and so imperious a will that the Russian people had come to expect that she would be declared heir apparent to the throne.

The whole court is said to be devoted to the child, and it seemed a settled matter that Olga Nikolaevna might succeed her father when the coming of her three sisters made the appearance of a male heir more and more doubtful. The only opposition to this plan was expected from the Grand Duke Vladimir, who would inherit, as his older brother, Michael, is in poor health.

Serge, the second brother, who died, was childless. The Grand Duke Vladimir, who retains his strong influence over the Czar, is the father of those two admirable young men, the Grand Dukes Boris and Cyril.

The birth of a son settled all these problems of succession and delivered the Russian people from the possibility of being ruled by one of the grand ducal group.

In the group in the chair are Olga, the Grand Duchess Marie, who is now six, and the four-year-old Grand Duchess Anastasia. Riding her donkey in the grounds of the Czar's summer palace Tzarskoe-Selo is the Grand Duchess Tatiana, the second daughter of the Czar, who has now reached the mature age of eight. She was born at Peterhof.

These young ladies have been brought up very simply by English nurses, and they have been allowed to have only the healthy pleasures of ordinary children. Only a short time ago they could be seen driving through the streets of St. Petersburg in a large landau. They are difficult to keep in a dignified position in their imperial equipage, as an eye witness described them a little more than a year ago. She said:

The three elder ones seem to rove all over the landau. They stand up, and then are replaced in their seats. It scarcely lasts a minute, when you may see them on their knees, looking out of the front, bowing to the passersby and taking the keenest interest in all that meets their eyes.

Once again the nurses with kindly hands place their valuable charges in more decorous positions. But half a minute later the whole arrangement is again upset. And so it goes on.

One of them asked lately, with much earnestness, "Who does St. Petersburg belong to?" To which the reply was given that it belonged to their papa.

"Yes?" replied the little Grand Duchess, with surprise. "I did not know that. I did know that Peterhof belonged to us. Yes? The whole of it?"

The elder ones are fully alive to the exalted position they hold in the world. One day a certain person, whom I will generally term a court furnisher, being with the little Grand Duchesses, and thinking to say something pleasant, remarked:

"I saw four very nice little girls out riding this morning."

"No, you didn't!" replied the Grand Duchess Olga abruptly, and with dignity. "You saw four little Grand Duchesses."

At any rate, the four little Grand Duchesses have unlimited popularity, and to the never ceasing joy of the people, rich and poor alike, may be seen, of late, out almost any morning, their nurses seeing that they never miss a bit of sunshine if there is any to be found.

But they are always the busiest little Grand Duchesses imaginable. It is a sight to see them on a morning at Tsarskoe-Selo, for instance, when they get off their ponies.

They do not waste a moment, but are off at once picking flowers, running about and enjoying themselves with a zeal which shows that they are endowed with a maximum of vitality and good health. At Yalta it is one of the most amusing of sights to see the English nurses trying to keep pace with their imperial charges, who, apparently appreciating their opportunity to its full worth, run off, and then a wild chase follows, for they are as strong as strong can be.

However, the English nurses are in fine training, and, what is more, are kept so by the vivacity of their charges. They were particularly fond of Count Lamsdorff, who recently resigned on account of delicate health. They have also a weakness and delight to see Baron Fredericks, who warmly returns their appreciation of himself.

The Grand Duke Michael was the heir apparent until the birth of the little Czarevitch. He was born in 1878, and is thus ten years younger than the Czar. He has never married, and his health is poor.

The member of the Grand Ducal party who has most influence with the Czar is the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, who married the Czar's favorite sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia. They are the only couple among all the Grand Ducal retinue who have the reputation of living on good terms with each other.

They have six sons, and the Grand Duke has been involved in some of the ugliest of the financial scandals which have made all the reigning family hated. He has immense influence with the Emperor, however, and is closer to him than either Vladimir or Alexis, his father's brothers.

Alexander Michaelovitch is tall, slender and handsome, and is a grandson of Nicholas I. His mother was a German Princess. He had a moderate fortune, which has made it necessary for him, with a family of six young children, to increase his income by any means possible.

Vladimir has set a fine example to his two sons, Boris and Cyril, and has been more dissolute than any of the other Grand Dukes. His brother, Alexis, who is the head of the navy, is quite a different sort of person. He has the family weakness for French actresses and makes superb presents of jewelry to those he meets in Paris and St. Petersburg.

But he has avoided morganatic alliances. One of his mistresses got from the Government $300,000 for arranging the sale of some ships to Russia by France. Then, after the money had been paid to her, the deal fell through. These two are, like the departed Serge, unscrupulous thieves of the public money.

The Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna is the mother of the Grand Duke Paul, who was banished on account of his morganatic marriage.

LITTLE CHAPTERS OF NEW YORK LIFE.

The First Job of the College Graduate

It is a long step from college to office, from college man to office boy, from college room to "Furnished Room To Let." When the college graduate comes to New York in search of a job he usually makes straight for some lodging house where some of the fellows are already installed, there to try to solve the awful problem of living on his salary.

He is of many kinds.

There is the would-be methodical man. He straightway devises a schedule of weekly expenses and frowns severely for a time on unforeseen carfares and newspapers.

There is the really frugal man, who lives serenely on, scorning Broadway, hence having shekels when they are needed.

There is the spendthrift, rich from Saturday to Monday, poor from Monday to Saturday, and so on.

Then there are spasms, when the really frugal man trembles, or the spendthrift nobly waves aside temptation and eats hash around the corner, or the would-be methodical man inadvertently hits Broadway of a Saturday night and gets his schedule askew for a month. No system holds good.

There are fine conversations when the bunch get together in the front room and talk of that bane of the present, the future. Millions are promiscuously treated.

The solemn man decides that the job of a railroad president will just about suit him. The dreamer sighs—his is that sad struggle between business necessity and artistic longing; and the matter of fact man stops the feast of millions and flow of gold by taking his pipe from his mouth and declaring sententiously:

"Fellows, we'll be lucky if ten years from now we have the price of a schooner of beer."

Which spoils the rosiness of dreams of the future.

Or sometimes the earnest man points out the advisability of the young college man's going into municipal politics and the indifferent sceptic says, "Oh, pshaw!" and the German landlady breaks up the discussion by a sleepy wail from below:

"Herr Schmidt, es ist schon ein uhr."

Whereupon Schmidt, whose name was Smith until his New York landlady set him right, hurries his guests to their respective rooms to continue their dreams in silence.

In the evening they gather in queer eating places, where they call the waiter by his first name and have standing jokes about stewed prunes and other delectable things. After a few days of this life the spendthrift gives a rebellious war whoop and disappears for a week at a time from the stewed prunery. He turns up eventually and borrows a dollar until pay day.

Then he regales his prunivorous friends with epicurean tales of the glorious of certain Broadway restaurants, and on the very next pay day manages to lure the man with the schedule to a grand refectory.

The headwaiter beckons; their chests expand; they sink majestically into their chairs.

"I'll spend $1," remarks the methodical one, reaching for the menu.

He finds that $1 will land him and his appetite somewhere between the cocktail and the entrée. So he flings economy to the winds and sails in recklessly, corrupted by the insidious music and gayety about him and by the terrible example of his companion, the spendthrift, who is totally ignoring the pages in the wine list devoted to California wines.

Alas! The methodical man is but another of those careful dinner price calculators who find that there is many a slip 'twixt the soup and the tip.

After the dinner he catches Temptation with a big "T." He and the spendthrift rush to the nearest home of comic opera. But the methodical man is not yet wholly lost.

"Second balcony," he says firmly.

And they climb to their lofty perch.

In the dim distance lies the stage, hidden by something resembling a napkin. As the napkin rises the interior of a hatbox becomes visible.

A row of pins come forward and apparently sing a song. Then a toothpick addresses a lady pin in a mysterious whisper and all disappear into the matchsafe at the left of the hatbox.

"Oh, rats!" cries the spendthrift, "I can't stand this. I'm no telescope!"

The second act finds them in orchestra chairs. The methodical man's schedule will not be itself again until the cash Christmas presents from his family arrive.

Great things are expected from the "raise at New Year's," but what happens?

The frugal man gets him a new frock coat and plunges recklessly into that most dangerous of snares known to him and his friends as the "social stunt." The methodical man, in the first burst of elation over his increased salary, gets his schedule so awry that the raise is scarcely visible. And as for the spendthrift, he embarks on an upper Broadway career, in which raises are as drops in the bucket.

At the end of a week or two they all meet again at supper time. Where? In that expensive German place so highly recommended by the spendthrift? In the gilded restaurant where the uniformed band plays and men who get raises congregate? In the abode of the "best steak in New York"?

No; at the stewed prunery.

Admiral Evans Has Lunch With the Jackies

This is one of the stories they are telling of Admiral Fighting Bob Evans, in command of the battleship squadron of the North Atlantic fleet.

There was some complaint recently among the enlisted men of one of the ships in regard to the food served out. The commissary department aboard a man-of-war comes under the supervision of the ship's paymaster.

An exceptionally efficient paymaster had just been detached from this ship and the crew were naturally very much interested in what they were going to get to eat from the new paymaster. Prior to the advent of the new paymaster, as an advance means of prevention on the part of the crew, rumors were set afloat that they were not being properly fed.

In due time this news reached the Admiral's ears. He sent for his chief of staff, Capt. Pillsbury.

"Captain," says he, "the men aboard the B--- complain of not being fed well. I shall make an inspection. I think we had better go over and take lunch with the men this noon."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned the chief of staff.

At half past 11 a signal was sent to the battleship in question informing the Captain that the Admiral and his staff would be aboard shortly to take lunch with the men in their mess.

They arrived soon in full dress, and accompanied by the Captain and the First Lieutenant of the battleship, were ushered by the paymaster to one of the many tables which the Admiral at that moment designated. The officers seated themselves upon the plain regulation benches provided for the purpose. Everything in respect to the arrangement of the table, food, &c., was exactly the same as prepared for the men at the regular noonday meal.

The food consisted of boiled potatoes, stewed beef, bread and butter, coffee and apple pie for dessert. Presently the captain of the ship said:

"Paymaster, we might have had chairs for the party."

"Yes, sir," replied the paymaster, "but the crew sit on the benches, sir."

No more was said.

Some minutes later, while all the officers were heartily partaking of the wholesome food issued to Uncle Sam's tars, the Admiral's voice was heard to say:

"Some water, please."

An obedient Jap was quickly on his way to attend to the Admiral's request. The paymaster stopped the Jap, and stepping to the Admiral's side, said:

"Beg pardon, Admiral, but since this is an inspection I must inform you that water is not issued to the men at the table. If they want it they must go to the scuttle butt and get it for themselves."

"That so, young man?" he replied. "Then I shall go get it for myself," and saying this the Admiral picked up a large porcelain cup and started for the scuttle butt, amid the laughter of the officers and the crew looking on.

After the meal, as the Admiral was at the gangway, about to be piped over the side, he called the young paymaster to him and said:

"Paymaster B---, I have received rumors of late that the crew of this vessel are not being properly fed. For this reason I have made the inspection to-day. I find, however, that the rumors are false, and I wish to congratulate you upon the efficient manner in which your department performs the duty placed before it. I shall take pleasure in reporting the result of this inspection to the Navy Department."

When a Woman Smokes a Cigarette in Public

"Sorry, miss, but 'tisn't allowed," said the waiter in a restaurant the other night, at the same time politely offering a plate for the offending cigarette.

But the jeweled fingers held it fast while the bright eyes looked defiance, scorn and surprise in a glance. Her escort protested against interference, but in vain.

"Sorry, sir, but it's one of the rules of the house," the waiter explained to the man, as if seeking moral support from one of his own sex.

The girl shrugged her shoulders and gave another puff at the cigarette.

"I never heard of such nonsense!" she exclaimed angrily. "Why, everybody knows that the very best women in New York smoke——"

"Not here they don't, miss," interposed the waiter. "If you were with a party in a private room you could smoke all you wanted and the management would not be supposed to know it, but in the public dining room—well, it's simply against the rules and can't be done."

"It's perfectly ridiculous," again remonstrated the fair smoker. "Why, on the Continent——"

"The cigarette, miss, if you please," said the obdurate waiter firmly but respectfully, and after another defiant puff and a beseeching look from her escort, the management and the waiter conquered.

Inquiry afterward revealed the fact that such a scene is a not uncommon occurrence at popular table d'hôte restaurants nowadays, but so far public sentiment favors the management. Even in Bohemia a feminine smoker is never seen in the public dining room.

The fair smoker must surround herself with a sufficient number to warrant the seclusion of a private dining room before she can indulge herself to this degree. While the fact remains that smoking among New York women is a more or less common practice, it is not allowed in public as it is in Europe.

Not long ago report was made to the head clerk in the office of an uptown hotel that one of the women guests was standing at the window of the public parlor on the second floor puffing a cigarette as if such a proceeding were quite customary.

The clerk, properly horrified, at once went to the guest with a polite protest, saying it was against all precedent and also contrary to the rules of the house to allow ladies to smoke in the dining room or in the parlors. If ladies wanted to smoke it must be done in the privacy of their own apartments.

Did the lady make a scene? Not at all. She simply walked down the hall to the next room, produced the key and was in her own suite of rooms. A moment more and a cabman outside said:

"Look at the lady enjoying her cigarette at the window."

It was again reported to the clerk, but he was powerless. He could forbid her smoking at the parlor window, but at the very next window, which happened to be in her own rooms, she was entirely within her right and smoke she might.

This is a snag which modern hotel managers are constantly encountering. All hotel maids can testify to the increase of the smoking habit among women. Sometimes a woman will smoke a half dozen cigarettes after her café au lait and before she actually rises for the day.

Moving Tales of Artists in Difficulties

Being all of them sculptors or artists or writers, it was moving tales they were telling at that séance.

"Once," began a sculptor, "I knew a fellow who went to St. Louis to do a lot of monuments and busts and things—statues, gargoyles and one thing and another in our line. He found himself broke all at once and had to get back to New York if he wanted to make money. He set about to think up a way out of the dilemma.

"He put on a rich way he had with him, sent for a packer, and ordered him to pack up all his paraphernalia in excelsior, sawdust and those other materials used to keep our plaster stuff from breaking.

"The packer went swiftly to work and in a few hours had the things packed as well as the sculptor could have done it himself. Then he gave the sculptor one of those looks people give when they expect something in return for their arduous labor. In other words, it was evident that he expected money of him.

"My friend frowned in a way he had when he thought deeply. Then he said to him:

"'These things can go off by the morning freight, can't they?'

"'Certainly,' replied the man.

"'Then,' said my friend, 'you come around here early in the morning and help me get them off to the station. I will pay you for packing them then.'"

"Well," said the others.

"Well," repeated the sculptor, blowing off the smoke, "he came around all right enough in the morning on time, but he found a vacant studio. My friend had had the things all carted off to the station the night before. They were pretty well on their way to New York by the time the packer got there."

"I'll be willing to wager almost anything," remarked the poet nonchalantly, "that that sculptor was you."

The sculptor being noncommittal, a pen and ink artist took up the tale.

"Speaking of moving," said he, reminiscently, "I was with a friend in St. Paul one winter and, strange to say, like the friend of our friend the sculptor, we went broke.

"We had to get out of the house and the town somehow and with enough clothes to put in a fairly decent appearance when we arrived in New York.

"That night we packed all our clothing in one trunk and a lot of bricks in another. The next morning our landlord, not wishing to lose more rent, forcibly ejected us, but in a kind hearted way allowed us to take one trunk along with us, which was what we had counted on doing.

"When we got to New York we found the truckman had made a mistake and carried off the trunk we had packed full of bricks."

"Talking of artists who invite their friends to their studios upon the eve of moving out and dress them up in their wearing apparel so as to stave off the retaining hand of the hard hearted landlord, I know an artist who was smarter than that," said another of the company. "He contrived, upon receiving a dispossess notice, to put off the day of departure indefinitely."

"How was that?" came a chorus of eager voices.

"Easy enough thing to do. The landlord had made several rounds attempting ineffectually to collect. After the third month he served a dispossess notice, as I said.

"What was his dismay and regret to find himself, when he went to oust his tenant, confronted with a huge and fluffy bunch of very black crape. And what landlord with a heart in his body could collect rent when there's crape on the door?"

How the Railroad Man's Watch Is Regulated

"My watch is off its feed," said a sooty faced engineer in jumpers and cloth cap the other day.

"What have you been doing?" asked the jeweller who regulates time for the New York Central.

"Nothing. Been off duty a week."

"Ah, that's it," replied the jeweller, glancing at the watch. "Forty seconds slow. Don't you know, Tom, the watch gets used to travel, same as you? You stay at home, and she's bound to go wrong."

"Needs a regular fast life, I guess," agreed the engineer, and he took out a record card from a celluloid case to be marked up.

This bit of conversation interested the outsider and he asked further details of railroad watch regulation. The shop was a small one in Courtlandt avenue, and there were the usual side lines of jewelry, eye glasses and silverware.

More than one hundred engineers and a few conductors bring their timepieces here once a fortnight. Each man carries a blue card which tells on one side his name, address make and movement number of the watch, when it was repaired and so on. The other side is a time record showing the number of seconds fast or slow at each inspection, when the watch happened to run down, and when it stopped. A circle means run down and a square means dropped. The jeweller fills in the record on the card, but the men themselves must sign a large form called the "Employes' Semi-Monthly Watch Comparison Record," which is forwarded to the division superintendent. The cards, after each inspection, must be shown by the engineers at the roundhouse before they start on a trip.

The company pays for the inspection and regulation, while the expense of an annual or semi-annual cleaning, amounting to $1.50, is borne by the men. While the watch is being cleaned the jeweller lends another to the engineer.

A leeway of thirty seconds error in two weeks is allowed to a watch. If that error is exceeded, the timepiece is put on trial, and in case of persistent bad behavior the watch is condemned.

A rule of the company prescribes that an employee may carry any watch of six or seven makes, having at least seventeen jewels in the movement. The case may be of gold or gunmetal. The average standard watch costs the engineer $28, but he may invest in more jewels up to twenty-three, and a fancy gold case that brings the expense to $100. An official railroad watch much used in the West has from seventeen to twenty-one jewels and costs from $28 up.

"All styles of official watches except one are open face," said the jeweller. "They are stem winders, but are set by opening the face and turning a lever. Some time ago a stem setter was being carried, and when an engineer pulled his out of his vest pocket the stem caught in a seam and changed the time several minutes. So the company has forbidden that kind of action.

"The train men who come here only run up to Albany and back. The conductors on longer runs have to get regulated in cities further along the line. The company's head inspector of time stays in Cleveland."

A Talk on the Way to Pack a Grip

The travelling man lit a cigar, settled himself deeper in the car seat, and said:

"Did you ever have the good luck to watch a chap who thinks he knows all about packing a grip try to do it? Well, I have; and it's worth the price of admission.

"There is something of an art in packing a bag and also in knowing what to pack and what to reject. This knowledge can be obtained only by experience, and that means travelling, not for a day or a week, but for weeks, under all circumstances and at all times of year.

"Perhaps then you will learn what you need and what you can do without. It's remarkable the things you can do without when you find out how. I have a suit case of the smallest size and lightest weight, and I can put enough into it to be very comfortable for a week or ten days if necessary.

"To return to my young friend. He was a good chap, but the extent of his travelling was a trip from New York to Philadelphia or Boston once or twice a year and then two weeks at some summer resort and once I think he got as far away as Buffalo. The summer resort trips could never be made without a trunk large enough to contain the entire wardrobe of all his brothers and sisters.

"I happened into his room one evening and found him, collar off, cuffs turned up, hair on end and red as a lobster.

"'What's the matter, Billy?' I inquired.

"'Oh,' he grunted from his seat on top of a big suit case, 'I've got to get the 11 o'clock train for Boston and I'm having a fierce time; can't seem to get my stuff in here and it's too late to send my trunk, and all the rest of the family are away, and this is the only dratted bag in the house, and I'll miss that train sure as a gun.'

"'Let's see the inside of that summer cottage you're sitting on,' I said. 'By the way, how long do you expect to be gone?'

"'Oh, I'll be back Saturday morning,' and the time was Wednesday evening.

"I opened up the thing he was sitting on and began to pull out his duds amid violent protests from the lobsteresque Billy. This is a starter on the contents of his case:

"Four shirts (and he had a clean one to put on), six pairs of socks, one dozen collars, eight neckties, one pair of patent leather shoes, two pairs of white socks, one pair of slippers, one hundred cigarettes, one pipe, one-half pound tobacco, two suits of underclothing, one set of pajamas, one dozen handkerchiefs; the usual assortment of silver-mounted rubbish that some kinds of people give you at Christmas and call a toilet set, and this particular one was a little larger and more useless than usual; two novels, bulky and bound, one bundle of papers; and on top of all this he was trying to crowd in a raincoat. He had laid out a light overcoat, umbrella and cane to carry.

"'Billy,' I inquired, 'aren't you mistaken as to the time you are to be away?'

"'No, no, of course not, but get out of the way; I'm late now, awfully.'

"'Softly, my son,' I answered, 'permit me to pack your bag.'

"I then allowed him the following list, which was even more than he needed: two shirts, three pairs of socks, six collars, two neckties (dark ones), twenty-five cigarettes, one pipe, two ounces of tobacco, one suit of underclothing, one suit of pajamas, two handkerchiefs, one bundle of papers.

"The toilet set was laid aside and in its place was substituted one hair brush, one comb, one whisk broom, one tooth brush, one powder, one razor and strop, soap and shaving brush, and one cake of hand soap, all of which can be tied up or rolled inside the pajamas.

"When I got through the case was not more than two-thirds full and vastly easier to carry.

"'Now, William,' I said, 'you have got more than you really need for so short a journey, but in deference to your finer feelings I will permit you to take what I've packed. Don't you see you can get along no earthly use for four or five suits, a dozen collars or a dozen handkerchiefs.'

"'If you were going to be gone a week or so I'd change your outfit some, and take more socks, handkerchiefs, and perhaps a nine collars; but every hotel in the country has a laundry where you can get your clothes washed in a day, from morning to night, and you can have no use for more—I mean—for all the other things I have, that is, on a business trip.

"'Now, you have an hour and a half to make your train, and the station is only twenty-five minutes away. Calm yourself and I will walk along with you.'

"Billy is only an illustration of a lot of folks who have the old bird complex. Every time they have a trip to take it is about like breaking up housekeeping, and they bolster up their foolish ideas and thought: 'Well, maybe I'll need this or that, and if I do, and don't have it, what then? I do?'

"Do! Why, you'll do without, just as the rest of us, and you can do without a lot of things if you don't have 'em."